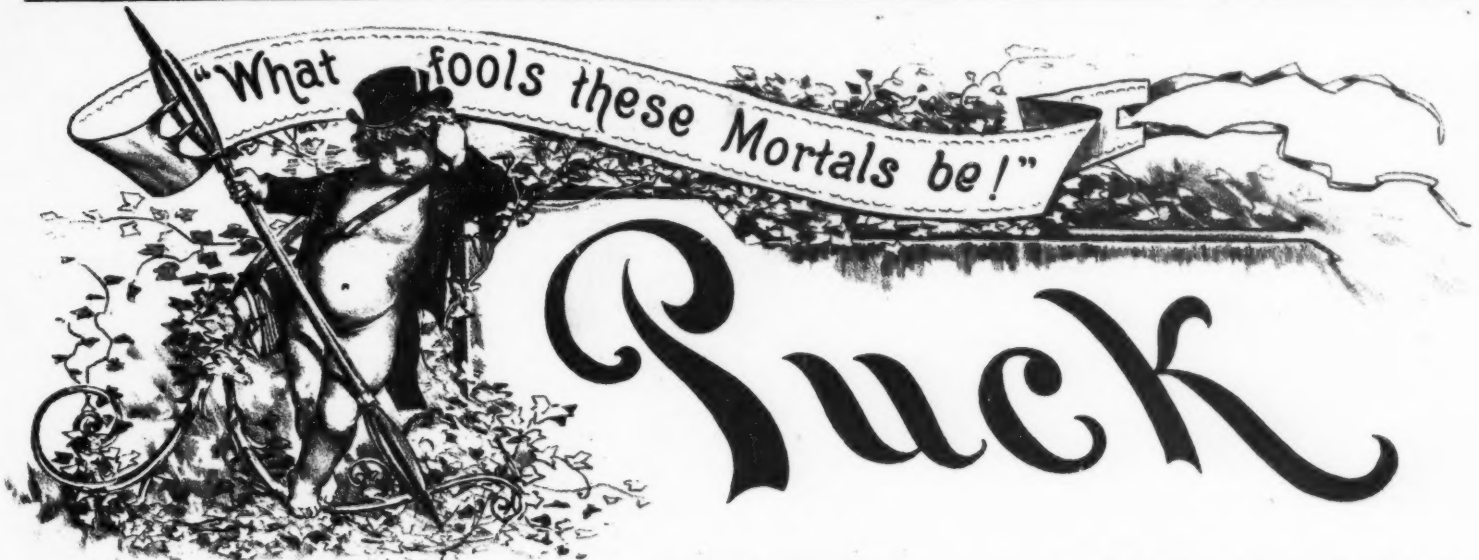


Mr. Tuttle X



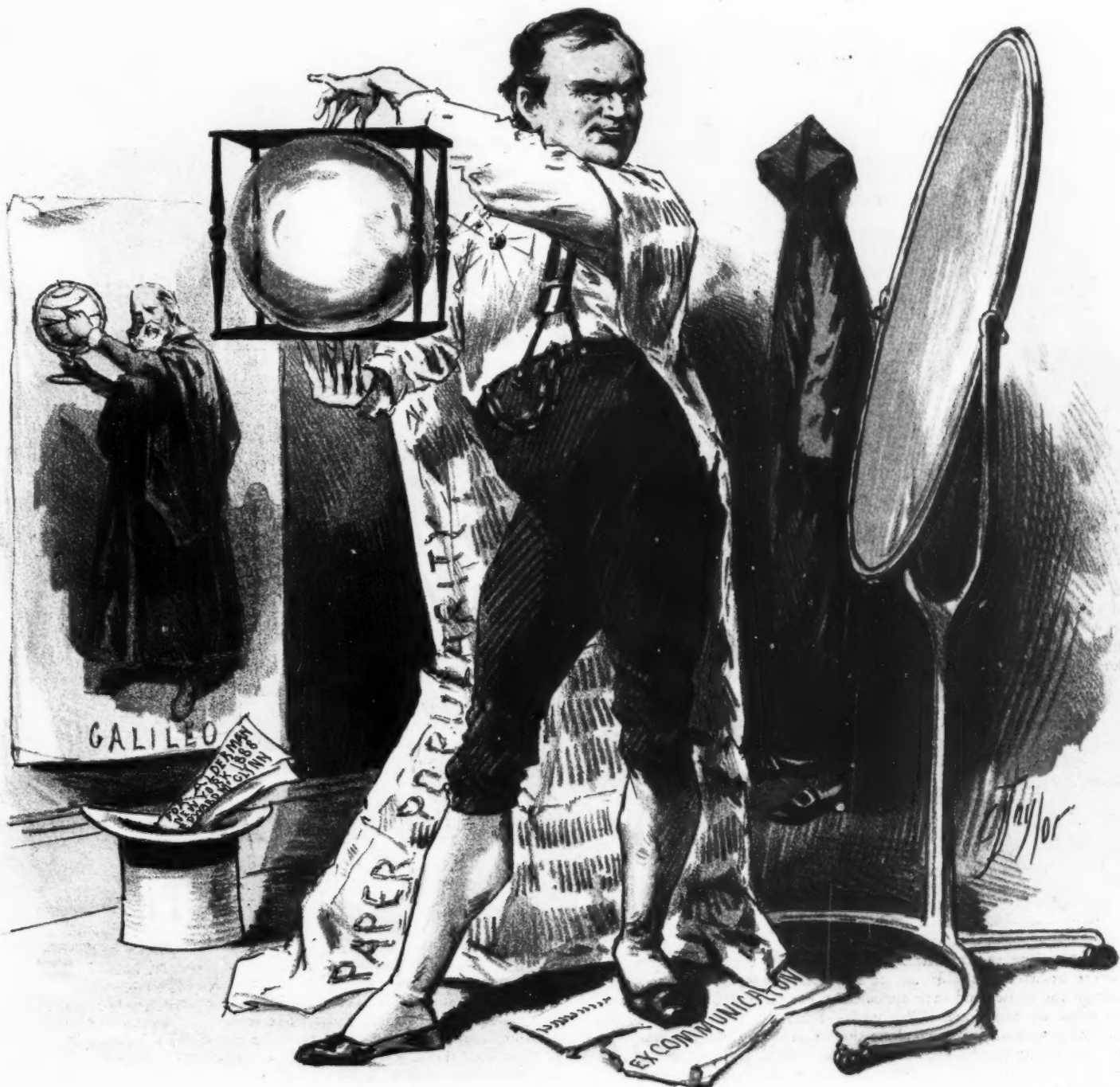
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2.



A GALILEO WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Galileo was imprisoned for upholding his theories; and we prophesy that Dr. McGlynn's notions will land him in the Board of Aldermen.



PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,
from the
PUCK BUILDING,
New York.

Publishers and Proprietors, - Joseph Keppler.
A. Schwarzmann.
Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, July 20th, 1887.—No. 541.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE comparatively light sentence imposed upon Jacob Sharp is not too light to satisfy justice. That Sharp should be punished for his offense against the commonwealth we have always maintained. The measure of his punishment, as now defined by the court that tried him, seems to us sufficient. Sharp's crime was greater than that of the wretches who took his bribes; but there is a difference in fibre between him and them which must be taken into account in appointing the penalties among the evil-doers. Five or ten years in prison means to such men as Jaehne, McQuade and O'Neill nothing more than five or ten years of imprisonment five or ten years of confinement, distasteful work, and more or less annoyance, in one way or another.

It must be remembered that under Warden Brush's humane management, a well-behaved prisoner at Sing Sing gets plenty of good food, and is subjected to no cruelties. Indeed, he fares far better, in every way, than a monk in an ordinarily rigorous Catholic monastery. Beyond the necessary restraint of prison-life, the Jaehne sort of man has nothing to suffer at Sing Sing. He is not capable of feeling the disgrace of his incarceration. As a matter of fact, it is reckoned no disgrace among his fellows to "do time" in state's-prisons. Of shame or humiliation these low-down brutes know nothing. If any one of them was let out of jail to-morrow, his political club would give him a public reception, and his old friends would welcome him back as if he were a sainted martyr.

But Sharp is a man of more education and more sense of decency. We should judge his private life to be commendable; and he certainly has the affection of a family whose devotion to him is in every way praiseworthy. He is capable of understanding the shame of his position. He has been in contact with people who have at least a veneration of honesty and respectability. Messrs. Robinson, Scribner & Bright, his lawyers, could have told him that it was not only criminal under the law of the state, but immoral under a higher law, to bribe the officers of the people. Perhaps they did tell him so. Altogether, it is safe to say that Jacob Sharp suffers the moral as well as the physical infliction of imprisonment in a common jail. At seventy years of age a convicted criminal, subjected to the degradations of prison routine, shamed in the sight of all the world, shut off from his kindred and left alone to drag out a sickly life in a guarded infirmary, he should be only an object of pity to those who have bowels of compassion. That he should suffer in Sing Sing is eminently right and proper; but it is equally proper that his punishment should be proportionate to his capacity for suffering. We are not wreaking vengeance on a weak and sinful man in sending Jacob Sharp to jail; we are establishing a principle that is vital to the welfare of the state. That principle is established by the sentence; and it is well that it is established without needless cruelty.

It is well to say here something that ought to be said in explanation—not in mitigation—of Sharp's crime. It is to be doubted if Jacob Sharp realized, when he bribed the aldermen to give Broadway to his railroad, and to cheat the city out of her rightful equivalent for this great franchise, that he was committing a crime against anything more than the letter of the law. How should he realize it? His was the code of morality which is called "practical politics." Mr. James G. Blaine, sitting in the seat of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, helped a railroad-bill through the house, and then appealed to the railroad company to pay him for what he had done. Thousands—hundreds of thousands of his fellow-citizens were willing to condone this offense against public morality. And if a candidate for the Presidency of the United States can be thus—indicate, let us say—can you expect virtue from a common board of aldermen, or lofty integrity in a lobbyist for a street-car railway company?

The St. John's Guild sent out the Puck excursion last Thursday, and reports to us that it was the largest of the season, 1,045 mothers and children were the better for the outing. Puck's appeal of last week has not passed unnoticed. Some forty members of the Stock Exchange have proved their possession of good hearts and a sense of humor by sending the following letter to us, and a check for \$200 to the Guild:

NEW YORK, July 14th, 1887.

Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann—Gentlemen:

The enclosed speaks for itself, and the \$200 which was sent the Guild to-night, should give your artists and yourselves as much satisfaction as it did the members of the Exchange, whose action you inspired.

Very truly, Theo. W. Myers.

Whereas, The "B. & O. deal" bids fair to afford us all the amusement and exercise we shall get this summer: We, the undersigned, hereby authorize the St. John's Guild to designate some poor child as our proxy, and we subscribe \$5.00 to defray its expenses in the country for a fortnight, with our best wishes that it may find "lamb" more plentiful than we do.

Thos. W. Myers	\$5.00	D. Bacon	\$5.00
F. W. Savin	5.00	Cash	5.00
Wm. K. Kitchen	5.00	F. M. Ives	5.00
G. D. Mackay	5.00	Thos. B. Williams	5.00
V. K. Stevenson	5.00	E. Chapin	5.00
D. Henry Smith	5.00	Geo. B. Parsons	5.00
Ed. Talcott	5.00	W. P. Grovesteen	5.00
R. Rogers	5.00	W. T. Colbrow	5.00
C. N. Brown	5.00	Cash	5.00
S. H. D.	5.00	T. Buck	5.00
J. Raymond	5.00	Cash	5.00
H. C. Kretschmar	5.00	W. J. Ellery	5.00
M. Bouvier	5.00	Brayton Ives	5.00
Jos. T. Thompson	5.00	E. L. Norton	5.00
J. Whitely	5.00	F. F. Robins	5.00
H. Knickerbacker	5.00	J. H. Sterling	5.00
C. A. Johns	5.00	E. S. Bisland	5.00
L. Bell	5.00	John Slayback	5.00
E. Homans	5.00	S. V. White & Co.	5.00
Wm. L. Breese	5.00	M. M. Sternberger	5.00

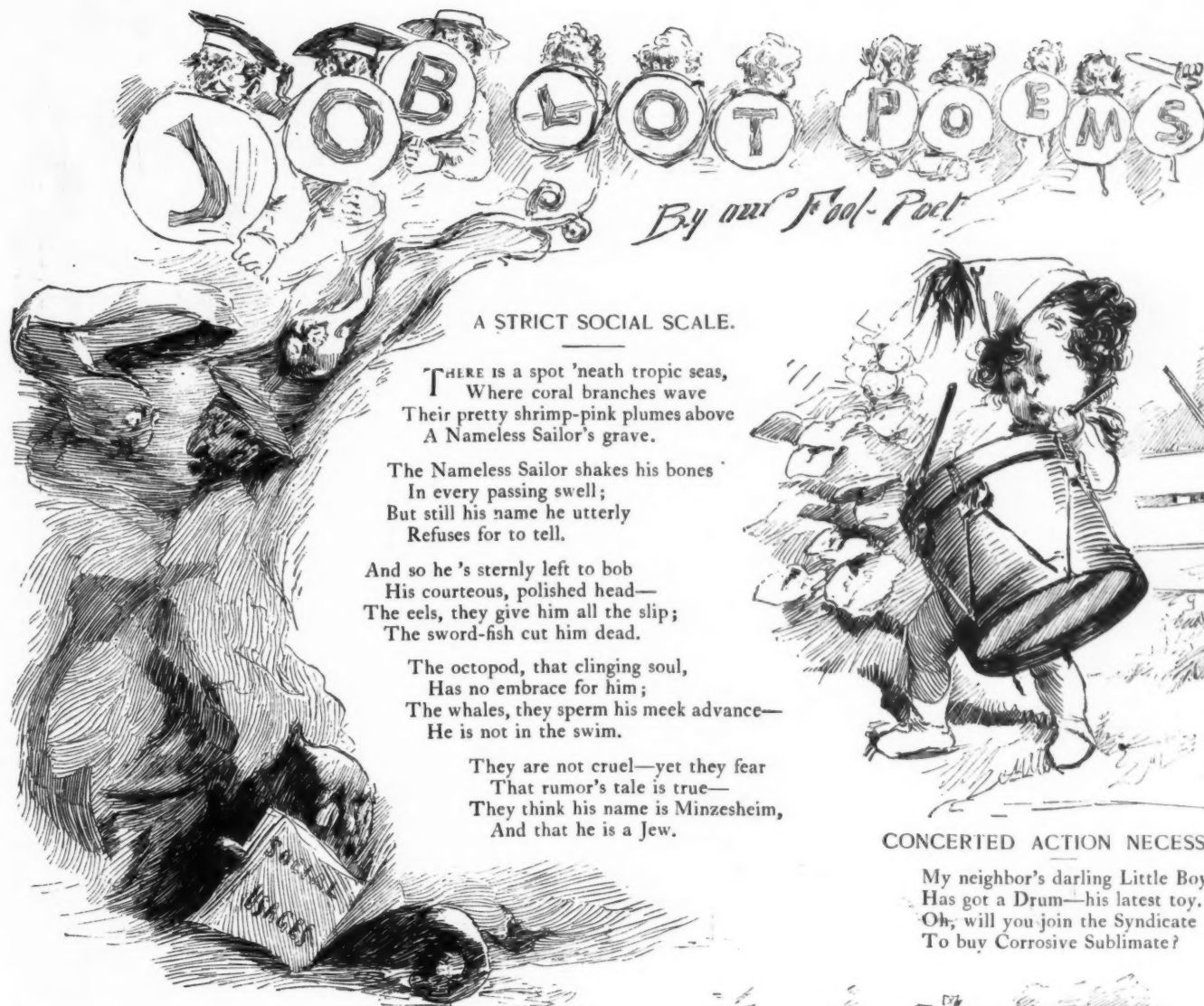
We have also received and forwarded to the Guild and the *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund, \$3.00 from F. N. Benton, New Haven, Conn., and \$3.00 from "Yours in the cause." Go on—proceed—continue!



A LONG BRANCH DIRECTORY.

MR. BANKS (from Philadelphia).—Ah, here's a clergyman! Can you direct me, sir, to one of the best hotels? We are on our maiden visit, and the favor will oblige me.

THE SUPPOSED CLERGYMAN.—Don't mention the favor, sir. The Elberon is a quiet, cloister-like retreat, where you and your family can commune undisturbed with the grand old ocean. It's right over there, my brother. (In a confidential whisper)—Say pard, if you want to make a stake, shake der gals, an' run in ter yer left! I'll steer you!



A STRICT SOCIAL SCALE.

THERE IS a spot 'neath tropic seas,
Where coral branches wave
Their pretty shrimp-pink plumes above
A Nameless Sailor's grave.

The Nameless Sailor shakes his bones
In every passing swell;
But still his name he utterly
Refuses for to tell.

And so he's sternly left to bob
His courteous, polished head—
The eels, they give him all the slip;
The sword-fish cut him dead.

The octopod, that clinging soul,
Has no embrace for him;
The whales, they sperm his meek advance—
He is not in the swim.

They are not cruel—yet they fear
That rumor's tale is true—
They think his name is Minzesheim,
And that he is a Jew.

CONCERTED ACTION NECESSARY

My neighbor's darling Little Boy
Has got a Drum—his latest toy.
Oh, will you join the Syndicate
To buy Corrosive Sublimate?

LITERARY LIFE.

THE BOLD Dime Novelist stretched and yawned,
And said: "I have done a good night's work;
The rosy morning has not yet dawned,
And I've finished my tale of 'The Deacon's Dirk.'
He has murdered his aged uncle in bed,
And taken a dozen bags of gold,
And a rich man's daughter, and merrily fled
To sea to become a pirate bold;
In Chapter I. he has cut the ears
Off seventeen desperate mutineers;
He has hanged from the yard-arm about a score,
And vivisected a small lot more;
He has rescued eleven Circassian girls,
And killed three traders in India pearls;
He has caused a number of shocking wrecks,
And painted vermilion a lot of decks;
And four times he has escaped from jail
By carving the keepers in pieces fine;
And the ultimate chapter would turn you pale,
For the deaths must average two per line.
And I think I have got this thing down fine,
And business is bad if this book can fail."

And his wife stole into the room just then,
As a wail was heard from the room in the rear—
And she said: "Will you wipe your gory pen,
And take a spell at the baby, dear?"





MY CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

"ARE YOU UP ON LATIN?" a friend asked me the other day.

My friend is a coin collector. I supposed that I knew enough Latin to shine in the presence of a numismatist, and answered "Yes." But my friend's name is Wilson; you can never tell what a Wilson will do. This one no sooner heard my perhaps too unqualified affirmative than he produced a black-letter Latin work on coins, and, turning to the darkest portion of its murderous tale, bade me "go ahead." To give me confidence, he sat by with paper and pencil, ready to take down my words. It was very embarrassing.

"Just wait till I get a smoke, will you?" I asked.

He waited. While he waited he ruled some lines on the paper in a business-like way, and his confident expectation of presently filling them in with my translation distressed me greatly.

"I may be a little rusty," I said tentatively. But he kept waiting.

"Some of those technical terms may possibly knock me out," I remarked again, absently striking my fifteenth light. But he continued to wait.

"Hog Latin," I said: "has its roots in all languages. It is hard to tell where to have it. It is the greased pig of literature."

Still he waited, and I could see that he had a thirst for knowledge which would wear things out even to the edge of doom. That is the peculiarity of a numismatist; when he gets on the 1856 cent of information, nothing can distract him. I was obliged to go back and take up the accursed volume.

"Begin there," said Wilson, in his villainous business-like way.

"All right. Ha, ha! Did I tell you that story about the ice in Delmonico's carafes?"

"Let's run over this first."

The number of the chapter looked in its Roman numerals like "MID-DLESEX." It would have taken me a half-hour to work it out. I therefore began jauntily: "Well, chapter 4-11-44," and tried to give Wilson the impression that I was one of those brilliant fellows to whom learning is hilariously easy. The first words were: "*Julius Caesar, Dictator Perpetuo, caput Caesaris lauratum;*" and, recognizing with boundless relief that I could worry them out, I translated them with great nonchalance. But they were probably the only words in the book that I could read—at least, I faithfully believed they were—and I was about to stop (in order to quit), when, even while I was framing an excuse to get away, Wilson signed that I was to proceed.

The next words being *polliceretur nummi*, I ascended to the top of a stump, and I would have sat there in all modesty, had not an aggravating suspicion in Wilson's eye forced me into another attempt to preserve my reputation.

"It says something about the coins being stolen, don't it?" he asked. I by no means despised the hint.

"Yes. 'These valuable and truly unique coins were on one occasion stolen by a policeman, who nummi'—got that down?"

But Wilson had the hardihood to ask me how I made it out.

"That is a secret of the trade."

"Oh, it is?" And he gave me an inscrutable Wilson look.

"Yes, it is. And if I am not giving you a very careful translation, it is because I do not care for the style of your book."

I told him then, in some heat, that if I could find something in the book besides anecdotes of policemen, I would read it for him with pleasure. I would read the instructive name of J. Caesar as often as it occurred; or, if I could find any ennobling sentiment, such as, "the flumen flumenated so flumeniferously that no one could tell in which part it flumened," I would translate it gladly.

"Wilson," I cried: "I

MANIPULATING THE IVORIES.

DUMLEY (who is conceited about his billiards).

—What did you think of the way I handled the cue last night, Featherly?

FEATHERLY.—Well, it struck me, Dumley, that you had n't balls enough on the table!



would do it gladly. I will open to you all the treasures of the noblest language that ever crystallized the thoughts of man; but don't ask me to read these anecdotes of policemen."

But Wilson failed to catch my enthusiasm. He said that he would get a second-hand dictionary, and work out the detective stories for himself.

As a matter of confidence between myself and the reader, though I would not have Wilson dream of such a thing for worlds, I am a trifle oxidized as to my acquaintance with the classics. General knowledge, of course, I have: Penna, the pen; mensa, the table; dominus, the domino; sax, the Saxon, etc., etc.; but, to a nice critical knowledge I lay no claim. Perhaps I am more at home in Greek: Alpha, beta, omicron, pi, lena delta, upsilon, psi. There is a musicalness about Greek which does much to aid the memory.

Of course, I regret what Time has stolen from me, but I shall never regret having obtained a classical education; for, if Time had not employed himself in ravishing my classic store, he might have stolen something of far more importance; he might have made me forget how large a man I can't whip; the names of young ladies who have already rejected me; the bright speeches I have made, and which I trust now never to forget; to write regularly to my rich relatives, and the various entertaining acts of meanness and stupidity, in the careers of my acquaintances. And, though in theory it may seem a trifle unwise to spend four years in learning nothing thoroughly but snobbishness, in undermining the constitution with inordinate exercise and idiotic dissipation, in destroying the mind with "class songs," cane rushes, hazing, and other hoodlum brilliancies, yet it is a four years well spent; for, when it is done, one is forever spared the scandalous mortification of being abashed in the presence of "college graduates." To escape this ignominy, no sacrifice of time, health, and sense, can be too great.

WILLISTON FISH.



A MT. DESERT IDYLL; Or, Pleasant for Larry.

UNFEELING FRIEND (on the rocks).—Why don't you wade ashore, Tom, and not stand there yelling?

TOM.—I can't swim a stroke, man!

FRIEND.—Why, you don't need to swim!

TOM.—But I do, deah boy! I'm standing on Larry Ten Eyck's shoulders, you know!

A MAN OUT IN MICHIGAN is said to lose his memory almost every night, when returning home late, and is unable to find his way to the house, although within a short distance of it. We have never heard a name for such a disease; but it may be some relation to the one which occasionally causes some of our citizens to sleep in the area-way.

A THEATRICAL MANAGER recently upset the equanimity of a well-known dealer in antiquities, by asking him his figure for a corps de ballet.

LITERARY NOTE.

IN JOHN RUSKIN nature found a tongue.

He stood one evening gazing at a sunset. The concave of the zenith glowed fervently like a vast shield of copper. Low down in the west great bars of glowing yellow traversed the sky, bordered with streaks of liquid crimson, like vast swords flecked with bloody gouts from the breast of the dying day.

Atwart them poured a golden rain of sulphurous rays that touched the waving plumes of the stone-pines into myriad flashes of sparkling light, and bathed themselves refreshingly in the cool grays of the lichen-covered cliff.

Turning away from such a scene, he remarked to Turner in a voice husky with emotion:

"Well, is this hot enough for you?"

F. E. Chase.

"GATH" is OUT with a savage attack on the character of Columbus. He will soon telegraph a couple of columns to the *Enquirer*, in

HE GOT HIS MONEY'S WORTH



MR. SMARTY. — Hi there. One plain soda! Busy, eh? All right, deah boy, draw it myself.

AN EYE-SERVANT.

VILLAGE SUPERVISOR (*Clifton, Staten Island*).—I shall have to suspend you for neglect of duty, Mr. Van Derk.

CONSTABLE.—What is it now, sir?

SUPERVISOR.—There has been a dead and elegantly decomposed whale floating around the harbor for days, and you have n't had spunk and ambition enough to tow it up on Fort Wadsworth beach, to add it to our zoölogical collection there.

PUZZLED.

UNCLE BETHUEL (*arriving home from the city*).—I tell yer, Kate, I seen a big thing this trip. Moseley, that I bought a case of shoes of, took me up to Mr. Hoffman's house—Hoffman's a friend of his—'n' showed me a Bible paintin' called "Nimps an' Satan." It was great, I tell ye!



AUNT KATE.—Nimps? Nimps? 'Pears to me I don't recollect' that air name in scriptur'!

UNCLE BETHUEL.—That's what puzzled *me*. Satan, he was drawed out plain 'nough; but when I asked Moseley who Nimps was, an' where he was in th' photygraft, he said Nimps hed been a fishin' near by, an' hed jest left, 'cause a lot o' gals hed come daoun ter go in swimmin'. He said Nimps was a pow'ful mod-
est man, an' jedgin' from th' pictur', he'd orter be.

IF DR. MC GLYNN ever goes to Rome now, and wants to see the Pope, he will have to go round to the kitchen-door.



THE RESPECTIVE NAMES of a winning crew which recently pulled on the Tay, England, were Parve, Snaigroath, Croisty, Mox, Puggagh, and—we save this for dessert—Waggewraith. The boat was of double-rieveted steel, so that, although she leaked badly at the finish, she managed to stand the strain.

MESSRS. SAGE, Gould and Field have organized a Mutual Admiration Society. The last named paid the biggest initiation fee.

WE ALWAYS feel kindly toward the South when eating watermelons.

FOR A MAN who must have his pockets full of cold weather, General Greely is treating us very unfairly.

"AFTER MATURE DELIBERATION, I have come to the conclusion that the most rasping, irritating and dyspepsia-provoking period in a man's life comes at the time when his eldest-born ceases to be a boy, and begins to be a dude."

[The Ark, date forgotten.] —*Noah.*

MR. BLAINE'S trip to Europe is a combination of business and pleasure. He is interested in Virginia mines, and will let a limited number in on the ground-floor.

THE QUOTATION that the hotel-man loves is:
"The cry is still they come!"



“——!!!——!——!——!!!——!!——!”



"One dollar's worth of soda wasted? All right, deah boy, take it out of that."

A BRIDGEPORT MACHINIST was carried around a rapidly-revolving shaft for six minutes one day last week; but as the shaft was a vertical one, and his shopmates were only fooling, he was able to eat his dinner as usual. This is the species of joke known as the voltaic cell.

THE HOTEL GARIBALDI DEL NOCE had a bath-room added to it the other day; and the guests hung around all the morning, under the impression that it was a new kind of free-lunch soup scheme.

SPEAKING OF FRUIT, we are reminded that a cherry is like the Metropolitan Opera House; in that the pit is n't popular.

IT IS ALL well enough to say that a rolling stone gathers no moss; but how about the stone that does nothing but roll about in the sea?

ALREADY AT THE mountain top and at the seashore, metropolitan beauties are longing for the time to get back to the city, to have their dresses made for the coming season.

HE COULD N'T SELL.



THE PROPRIETOR of the dime museum was sitting in an easy chair, with his head bent forward, that he might see his diamond stud scintillate. He seemed lost in a pleasant dream, when a stranger approached and said:

"I suppose you are always on the lookout for attractions?"

"Always," replied the proprietor: "always; if you could find me a man who eats with his ears and smells with his eyes, I could make a fortune for you."

"I should think you might, said the caller, because if—"

"Are you an agent?" broke in the dime-museum man.

"An agent! I don't understand you."

"Well, you know, I have agents traveling around looking about for attractive freaks, just like *bric-à-brac* hunters. I supposed you might be one of these specialists looking for an engagement."

"I am not," responded the stranger: "but I have a little attraction of my own that I thought might be money in your pocket if you were to add it to your show. You know the penguin is mightier than the sword-fish?"

"I don't know whether it is or not," said the proprietor: "but what is your attraction?"

"It is a tortoise-shell-drake."

"What is its peculiarity?"

"Its peculiarity is that you can't tell where the tortoise begins or where the shell-drake ends."

"Does it fly or crawl?"

"Both!"

"What'll you take?"

"Whiskey!" broke in the man with the tortoise-shell-drake, so quickly that the dime-museum man lost confidence in him.

"I undertook to ask you what you would take for the tortoise-shell-drake, not what you'd take for your toothache. I don't believe you have any such curiosity as you speak of."

"If you will just step across to the Dinkelspiel House, I'll prove it by the bar-tender, who knows me well."

"Young man, you can not inveigle me into any bar-room for proof."

"Then," said the stranger: "I can prove it in the restaurant, by the proprietor of the place."

"When you want to do business with me, don't come hungry nor thirsty!"

"Then you, an enterprising caterer of public amusement and instruction, don't care to embrace this great opportunity of adding to your already famous aggregation of world-wide marvels, such a unique attraction as a tortoise-shell-drake?"

"I respect you for your flow of language," said the proprietor: "you

talk just like Joseph Cook. You would make a great dime-museum lecturer."

"I might," said the stranger, taking fresh courage: "but I want to get rid of my attractions first."

"Have you anything beside the tortoise-shell-drake?"

"Yes; but I can't talk very well here on account of the draft. Now, over at Dinkelspiel's there is a nice hot stove—"

"No," said the proprietor: "I can't go near a stove, because it sends the blood to my head. On that account I can, also, only drink Burgundy and Port, because of their going to the feet."

"If you will excuse me for deviating from the subject a little, liquor that goes to the feet would rather spoil the chances of an athlete in a pedestrian contest."

"It might," said the dime-museum man: "but if you will excuse me for deviating further from the subject, Burgundy and Port, having a tendency to go to the feet, make safe drinks for men without legs. But what is your other attraction?"

"An octopussycat?"

"What sort of a thing is it?"

"It's a combination of octopus and pussy-cat. It is one of the queerest things you ever saw. It is both an animal and a fish. If you throw it into the water to drown, it is an octopus. If you throw it out of a window, it is a pussy-cat, and lands on its feet. It catches wild ducks in the swamp, and rats in the house. If I but contained a good porter-house steak, trimmed with mushrooms, and a bottle of Pommery to make me summery, and enable me to keep my excitement under control, I could give you an exhaustive account of the wondrous amphibian of which I possess the only specimen extant, and which I have called the octopussycat. I never can express myself clearly and properly, standing up on an empty stomach. Suppose you take me up to the Dinkelspiel, and for a paltry five dollars, reap an everlasting fortune on these freaks of mine?"

"I can't do it."

"Then I will offer them to the rival show. I shall also offer the Irish-bullrush, the halibutter-scotch, and the daffodildoc."

"All right, go ahead," said the proprietor: "rush to the pastry-cook, and fill yourself with ragamuffins if you like."

"I will away, I will away," he shouted: "I inhale the oxygen, and don't care a continental for the ox."

And he vanished as swiftly as a silk umbrella.

R. K. M.

SCRIBA, POST-OBIT.

HE CLIMBED the shining, golden stair

With confident and lordly air,

Until he reached the landing, where

The crowd assembled.

He crowded to a foremost place;

Determination stamped his face,

Some scion of a high-toned race

He much resembled.

He greeted Peter with a smile,

As though 't were hardly worth his while

To bow his head, or doff his tile,

To a mere porter.

We stood aside to let him pass.

St. Peter muttered: "Second class!"

Then cried: "One harp of polished brass

For this Reporter!"

W. S. CASE.

SAME MAN—DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES.



BUSINESS MAN (*down town*).—Can't you hurry up that steak a little, waiter? I've been waiting over half an hour!



BUSINESS MAN (*at home*).—What in thunder is the matter that we don't have dinner? I've been sitting here like a bump on a log for fully five minutes!



A PLEASING NOVELTY.

FIRST DAKOTA CITIZEN.—Will you be on hand at the lynching to-night?

SECOND DAKOTA CITIZEN (*yawning*).—I reckon not. Gettin' rather monotonous.

FIRST DAKOTA CITIZEN.—We're going to hang a Chinaman, a nigger and an Indian.

SECOND DAKOTA CITIZEN (*with more interest*).—Then I reckon I'll try an' get around. That's a new combination.

JUST WHY.

CLEVELAND, O., July 1st, 1887.

To the Editor of Puck—Sir:

You, who are so fair and unbiased in your opinions of public men and things in general, would you please give an opinion to your thousands of readers on the enclosed editorial from the *Cleveland Leader*? If no mention is made of this, I will take it for granted that it is owing to Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann being either native Germans or of German parentage, and are afraid of offending their Emperor and Prince, who they care more for, even living in this free country, than they do for "Justice," "Law" and "Freedom."

An Old Reader of Puck.

The writer of the above letter encloses two newspaper clippings. One tells the story of the von Hinze affair, which has recently occupied a good deal of space in the daily papers. The other relates a tale, somewhat old by this time, of the misconduct of a son of the Crown Prince of Prussia. This young blackguard got drunk—if the tale is true—and slapped the face of a man of inferior rank. The insulted man, having no redress of any sort, killed himself by way of expressing his sense of the indignity to which he had been subjected. He might have knocked the teeth of the son of the Crown Prince down the throat of the son of the Crown Prince; but he did n't. He killed himself. We can not quite see how he benefited himself by this act; but we are willing to assume that he knew his own business. If the story is true—we have only newspaper reports to vouch for it—there can be but one opinion as to the merits of the affair. The slapper was a brute, and the slapped was a fool. Our correspondent seems to be anxious to learn our opinion. There he has it.

As to the other matter, the von Hinze affair, we have an opinion on that, too, and one which may set our excitable friend to thinking. Von Hinze's case is pretty much the case of the Andover professors, or the case of Dr. McGlynn. He is a man who belongs to an organization, and who will not obey the rules of that organization. (Of course, we make the assumption that the verdict against Professor Smythe holds good until it is reversed, and that his case governs the others, morally, if not technically.) Von Hinze was a Prussian officer on the retired list. He brought a civil suit against a man who had slandered him. He knew that the rules of the service forbade such action on his part; yet he took it. He was promptly, and properly, deprived of his rank and title. He is now posing as a martyr; but he deserves no sympathy. He wore the

Prussian uniform, and it was his business to obey the regulations of the Prussian army. If those regulations were such as he could not conscientiously obey, it was his duty to try to get them altered, and failing that, to resign. He had no right to disobey them because he thought they were bad, or because they really were bad. He had sworn to observe them; he held his title and the privilege of wearing his uniform by virtue of his adherence to them. If he found them onerous or objectionable, he was free to resign and to resume the rights of a civilian. He chose to be insubordinate to the authority which he himself had accepted, and he was punished. Why not? If you join a club, or a society, or a school, or a regiment, you obey the rules, do you not? And if you don't like the rules, and can't get them changed, and feel that you ought not to act under them, you get out, don't you?

Our excitable friend wants our opinion on two cases, and he has it. He seems to think we should have relieved his mind on these matters without his invitation; and that we let them pass without comment because somebody connected with this paper is consumed with a burning love for the Emperor of Germany or for Prince von Bismarck. We beg leave to assure our troubled friend that our acquaintance with these great men is of the slightest. In fact, we never came into contact with them but once, when they ordered Puck out of Prussia on account of the publication of cartoons reflecting unpleasantly upon the imperial policy.

We have not commented on these incidents for the same reason that we pass over a hundred similar happenings every day. Puck is an American paper, edited for Americans, and concerning itself with American matters. We have neither space, time nor inclination to bother with things that are going on in Europe, while we can hardly find room in our sixteen pages to say what we have to say about what is going on in America. Our unhappy friend had better, if he has got to throb for the wrongs of the whole world, subscribe to an independent paper in every country of the globe—if he can find any such outside of America.

THE JERSEY NEW YORKER TO MAYOR HEWITT.

RUNNING FOR THE ferry,
Cutting down the street,
Knocking plumb-bang into
Every one you meet;
Tumbling ground-and-lofty,
Like the Harlem kids—
Bless us, this is pleasant,
Skipping over skids.

Now we've got a Mayor
Who attends to biz,
Won't he please take notice
What a grind this is?
Jumping till your eyeballs
Stand outside the lids—
Cuss us, this is cussed,
Skipping over skids.



CINCINNATI FINANCE.

DIRECTOR.—I'm going to look in at the wheat pit while I'm out, William. Have you any change in the vault?

CASHIER.—Certainly, sir; how much will you have?

DIRECTOR.—Oh, I shan't be gone long. A couple of millions or so will answer.

Late was the night. Stunk in his weary thoughts
The tenant of the White House sat alone.
Ruler of millions, and the people's choice,
In heaviness of soul, with downcast eyes,
He coned the lesson that the world well loves
To teach its great ones.

And his musing ran:
"Is there no honest faith left in the land?
I take the people's office, by their will;
I keep the pledge I gave them; for their sake
By day and night I labor; for their sake
Make war upon dishonesty and greed,
To cleanse the public service; for their sake
I stand between them and the robber hordes
Who, careless of their oath of office, turn
The halls of legislation to a mart,
Barter their honor and the land's for place,
And with huge taxes weigh the nation down,
Feeding their greedy henchmen.

For their sake!
And they—do they uphold my hands and come
Behind me whom they set to lead them on
And battle with corruption? Nay—but they
Whose mouths were full of clatter of reform;
Of purer government, of honest rule,
A brief three years ago, now cry as loud
For place, for profit, for such government
As pleases prejudice, and wanton whim,
Mad passion or unworthy local pride.
They cried from press and platform for a pledge;
I gave it and I kept it. Now they shout:
'Unsay it, and wipe out the written word!'
And, for that I am faithful to my oath,
They call me traitor. Spite can go so far,
It seems, in these days, that a pretext base
Is only needed for an angry mob
To hunt the lowest insult at the man
They gave the highest honor of the land.
Ah, me! Is service worth the while that brings
Ingatitude and hate from those best served?"

And here a voice from out the dark said:

"Yea!"

And, looking up, the weary watcher saw
The solemn features of that noblest chief
Whose life-blood stained the robes of new-found Peace,
When the great nation had its second birth.
And thus the spirit spoke:

"Yea, falter not!
They call me martyr, chief among their dead;
And speak my name with reverence. In my life
No curse too vile, no word of spite too wild
They found to cast upon me. Right or wrong,
Wise or misled, in good or evil chance,
The eye of envy and the voice of slander
Followed my every act. The record lies
Written where thou canst read it; what was said
And unrecorded, lives but in my heart
That bled as thine bleeds now. Yet falter not,
Nor doubt thy course is right. Not he shall lead
Who lets the crowd drive, and with agile feet
Keeps ever in the fickle-wavering van.
Toiled like a leaf before a gusty wind,
In mockery of leadership. Him some day
The feet of panic shall tread down to dust,
When a great fear shall come upon the crowd—
Greater than shift or trick may cope with. Then,
In that dark hour, these hurrying souls shall turn
And seek the leader whom they mocked of late,
And who, deserted, doubted and assailed,
Kept on his path unchanging and alone,
True to the pole of conscience. Ah, my son,
Serve them and serve the right, whatever come,
Even as I have served them unto death."

The spirit faded, and the watcher rose,
With a new strength within him; and his heart
Was lifted, and he said: "I will not fail!"



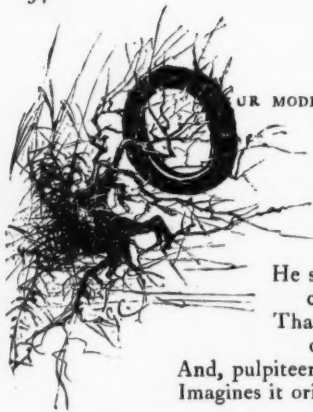
J. Appleton.

THE LESSON OF THE PAST.



Late was the night. Sunk in his weary thoughts
 The tenant of the White House sat alone.
 Ruler of millions, and the people's choice,
 In heaviness of soul, with downward eyes,
 He combed the lesson that the world well loves
 To teach its great ones.
 And his musing ran:

THE MODERN DON QUIXOTE.



OUR MODERN DON, so chivalrous,
With solemn fury,
fume and fuss,
Repeats the comedy
of Spain
By fighting windmills
of his brain.
He shrieks the creed of an-
cient time—
That owning property is
crime—
And, pulpitering with his "pal,"
Imagines it original.

Just now with priestly SANCHE, he
Has turned his guns on Poverty;
And when he makes the heavens fall,
He promises gay larks for all.

He says the world's one hateful ditch
Exists, because a few are rich;
But when have passed some years—or more!
The poor shall have a coach and four.

Our world has been most badly planned
Because there's property in land;
What's wanted is to confiscate
The earth and give it to the state.

It matters not at all to DON—
The acres no one ventures on;
Millions there are: Why does n't he
Take them and throttle Poverty?

Or, if he likes New England soil,
And thinks its owner need not toil;
There he can buy a barn, and be
Lord of two hundred acres—free.

Far easier, though, with frenzied eye,
To mask with modern chivalry,
And fool the poor, in knightly guise,
By painting some Fool's Paradise.

Over the mightiest church of old
He sought to lead that church's fold;
Even Xerxes, trying to chain the sea,
Was not so brave a Knight as he.

No other hands his heart inspire,
Except the hands which work for "hire;"
The men who give them work and pay
Keep the Millennium away.

For "hired men" this world was made,
And even they must mind their trade;
If one of better stuff should be,
Just level him to the last degree.

He must not "save" but to subsist,
Or be a horrid "capitalist;"
If he pretends his mind to own,
Deny him bread and give a stone.

Who helps himself deserves a stab;
What is he but a "rat" or "scab?"
The object is to fix his fate
Through any "Walking Delegate."

Suppose our DON should have his will,
And pile up water on a hill;
What in the name of all that's plain
Shall stop its running down again?

I'll tell you DON (I'm somewhat free)
A truth you do not, will not see;
'Tis Faculty, not cash or land
That helps a man to rise or stand.

Distribute this and you will see
The dawn of new prosperity;
Your way of leveling simply means
To "even" men into white beans.

Desire would sink and faith go down,
And every spur to fair renown,
If any scheme should fashion man
After your varnished Bedouin plan.

For drones and dolts, wish all your will,
They will be dolts and dummies still;
But he who has some skill or wit
For all your talk cares not a bit.

If you would build us paradise,
Open much wider yet your eyes;
And when wan Poverty's out of breath,
Just tilt with Sickness, Sin and Death!

Joel Benton.

HAMPERED COURTESY.



DACEY.—Pull, Kerrigan! It's pushin' yez are!

KERRIGAN.—Yez tuk me phin me brith was emigratin', John!

AT ASBURY PARK.

TRUSTEE (to COLORED PARTY, who is starting for the water in bathing-suit).—Can't you read that sign there?

COLORED PARTY.—Oi can, sor: "Th' prinsine av colored pable is not desired on this beach;" an' av yez 'll lave me in th' wather aboot tin minutes, Oi 'll kim out pfwhite as sand. Oi 'm afther firin' th' 'lictrick-light biler below.

HITTING A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN.

GATEMAN (Sixth Avenue Elevated).—Put yer ticket in der box! T'ink it's made ter look at?

HURRYING PASSENGER.—What do you mean by such insolence, sir? Do you know who I am?

GATEMAN.—Ya-as. You's der bloke what got squeezed in 'tween Sage 'n' Gould. Yer 'll drop yer ticket like der rest of der cullys, now; you will!

AS GALILEO went to prison for the sun, Dr. McGlynn might go to the Board of Aldermen for the earth.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION—Watermelons and cucumbers.

AN OFFER.

DR. SCRATCHLEY TESTIFIED that he believed that the patient Mendelssohn, who died recently with two broken ribs and other injuries, after claiming to have been beaten by an attendant, McHugh, bit a piece out of his own lips, scratched the skin off his own breast, and broke his own ribs by falling while coming up-stairs. He had investigated the case and come to this conclusion. He could n't remember the names of but two patients, or of any attendants of whom he had made inquiries about this matter.—*N. Y. Sun's report of the Ward's Island Insane Asylum Investigation, July 10th, 1887.*

Dear Mr. Scratchley: In spite of your name, we shall be pleased to offer you a place on the staff of Puck. Our Goat Editor is away in the country, eating the contents of the tomato-cans he is so fond of writing about. Our Snake Editor is temporarily detained at Binghamton, playing an engagement with his own snakes. The gentleman who reports Western real estate booms for us is down with the fever-and-ague, acquired at the post of duty. We want another humorist right off, and we want an A1 imaginative humorist. We don't want any narrow-minded, literal, groveling soul, who can't conceive of anything wilder than a man who comes down on a banana-peel so hard that he flies up in the air and knocks the flags off the Signal Service pole on second bounce. What we want is real, solid, imaginative humor. If you wish a steady job, please apply at this office between the hours of one and three A. M., any evening.



ON THE RIVER FRONT.

FREE BATH-HOUSE KEEPER.—Here! You've been in before, you young terriers!

GAMIN.—Criss-cross, hopes ter die 'f I have!

KEEPER.—You're lyin'! You're all wet through!

GAMIN.—Feeny's bar-tender played der hose on me. Hon-
es', boss!

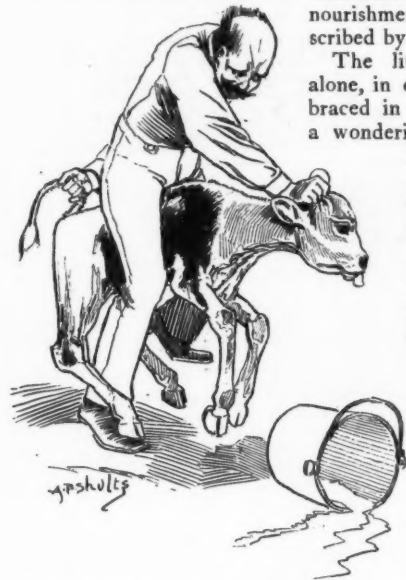
KEEPER.—How'd your shirt get chawed?

GAMIN.—Mam was usin' der sleeves ter strain liver-sassin-
gers t'rough. I'se white, pard, hon-
es'!

He got in.

AN EXPERIENCE IN AMATEUR FARMING.

ONCE UPON a time there was a certain man who had lived on a farm in an amateurish way for about three months; and on a beautiful summer day he girded up his loins and went forth, with all the strength of his manhood and a pail of fresh milk, to teach a little red calf, with soft brown eyes, to obtain the lacteal nourishment in other than the way proscribed by Nature.



The little creature was waiting, all alone, in one corner of a shed, each leg braced in a different direction, and with a wondering expression on its flat little cardinal-colored face. Subsequently the following little monologue might have been heard by a listener in the adjoining shed:

"So-o, Bossy, so-o-so-o-so-o-o."

"Nice Bossy, Bossy, Bossy. Here's some nice milk for him to drink."

"Put his nose right down in the pail, good boss. Ha-a-r! Where you going? Come back here! Now get into that corner and drink your milk, you ornery brute!"

"Nice milk—good for calfy—drink like a good bossy."

"You won't, eh? Get your foot out of that pail, you gal-

whanged, mooley-headed, little fool!"

"There, there. So-o-o, poor calfy, calfy, calfy; drink his milk to make him grow like a—Get off my foot, you dod-gasted, clumsy, bull-headed lunatic!"

"Come, now, I've fooled long enough! Stick your nose in that pail! Stick it in there, I say, or I'll—O-o-o-h! what are you buttin' me in the stomach for? Get over there, now; s-o-o."

"You can have just one more chance; I'll just stick my fingers in bossy's mouth, and take his head between my legs, and then the little fellow can see how—Hold on there—where you going?—Let me off—you'll tip over the milk-pail—whoop! There she goes—Take that, and that, and that, and starve to death if you want to, you addle-pated, low-lived little runt of a Durham—Oh, don't stare at me in that way, you blank, blanked four-footed lunatic!"

"Oh, you need n't blat at me—you want your milk bad enough now—there it is; six quarts, at three cents a quart, gone to waste! You can stand in there and blat and starve 'till wheat is two dollars a bushel, before I'll lift a finger to feed such a measly, knock-kneed, big-eared, slab-sided imp of Satan as you are! I'd as lief plow six acres in a day!"

And he went back to the house, and held his peace; and when the hired man came in he remarked, as though the thought had just occurred to him, that when the hired man got a little time he had better teach that red calf in the sheep-shed to drink; and the hired man went out straightway and taught him, in just six minutes by the nickel-plated watch which he traded the shotgun for.

C. N. Hood.

"THAT TREE yonder has been standing over two hundred years," said the guide, pointing at one of the kings of the forest.

"I should think it would be awful tired," replied a Boston girl.

ANGLER—The foul fly is of no use whatever in trout-fishing.

THE HORNET generally makes himself felt.



STATEN ISLAND BATHING.

MRS. BRIGHTONNE.—Are n't you coming in, Bessie?

MISS CATOR.—Thanks, no! I don't lubricate!

A GENTLEMAN OF OUR acquaintance, who makes his money in New York and spends it in New Jersey, has got ahead of his neighbor's hens—the only case on record. He sows imitation flower beds with toy torpedos, of the ordinary Fourth of July small-boy variety; and when a nice motherly old hen comes along and pecks at a torpedo, under the impression that it is a rare variety of *coreopsis scarbuticus* seed, she sneezes a fulminate of mercury sneeze that sends the roof of her head clean over the fence.

IT MAKES a good deal of difference how you put it. It sounds pretty hard to call a man a rum-drinker. And you never think of telling your friend that that's what he is when he says to you, in a genial, mellow way: "Would n't a little of the Old Stuff do you good?" Somehow you generally think it would.

IF THERE IS a man alive who has ever yawned a yawn clean out and exhausted all its possibilities of yawiness, without leaving untackled stretches of pleasurable extension in every joint—why, that man has known the happiest sensation that earth can afford, and he is ripe for higher joys.

COMING UP THE BAY.

LORD KILLINGHAM (seeing the Staten Island Amusement illuminations from the steamer's deck).—I'm suah, Captain, such a magnificently planned welcome is awfully kind of the people; 'though I cawn't say I admire a taste which places me undah such tremendous obligations, y' know!

IT IS NOW about time for Mrs. James Brown Potter to have her diamonds grabbed, or have a miraculous escape from a burning hotel.



HE DID N'T CONSIDER.

WESTERN BOOMER.—I can sell you the corner lot where we now stand for two hundred and twenty-five dollars a foot!

EASTERN CONSERVATIVE.—But, my dear fellow, I can go a half-mile out on the prairie and get a whole section for that money!

WESTERN BOOMER.—Ah, but where is your boom?



FRED: * *

* BROWN'S GINGER

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a Mustard Plaster,

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WILL not blister.

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TO-MORROW'S FORTUNES.
My dreams, like ships that went to sea,
And got becalmed in sunnier climes,
No more returned, are lost to me,
Faint echoes of those hopeful times;
And I have learned, with doubt oppressed—
There are no birds in next year's nest.

The seed is sowed in balmy spring,
The summer's sun to vivify,
With his warm kisses ripening
To golden harvest by and by,
Got caught by drought, like all the rest—
There are no birds in next year's nest.

The stock I bought at eighty-nine
Broke down at once to twenty-eight;
Some squatters jumped my silver mine;
My own convention smashed my slate;
No more in futures I'll invest—
There are no birds in next year's nest.

—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

CROQUET is still played in some places. It is
a sort of grass billiard game still popular with
clergymen.—New Orleans Picayune.

PASTE THIS IN YOUR HAT.

After the clouds, the blue,
After the drought, the dew;
And after you've taken your summer vacation
The bills will shower on you.

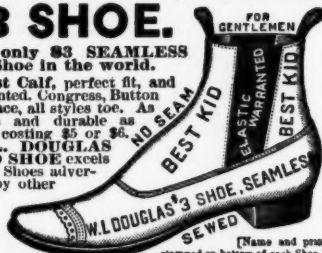
—Brooklyn Eagle.

Do not forget to add to your Drinking Water, Lemonade or
Soda to drops of **Angostura Bitters**. It imparts a delicious
flavor, and prevents Malaria and all Summer Diseases. Be sure
to get the genuine **Angostura**, manufactured only by Dr.
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tised by other
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THE KIND OF CONTRIVANCE HE WANTED.

"Mr. Doppenhimer, I want to introduce a burglar-alarm into your house. It will indicate at which door or window—"

"I don't want none of dose t'ings. I don't bodder me mit burglars."

"Once you have tried them, Mr. Doppenhimer—"

"Look here, meester. If you wash got a contrivance what keeps mine wife from goin' dru mine pockets when I wash asleep, den I talks mit you a leedle bit."—*Harper's Bazar.*

LOVERS are prone to self-depreciation. Said he tenderly, as they sat looking at the stars:

"I do not understand what you can see in me that you love me."

"That 's what everybody says," gurgled the ingenuous maiden.

Then the silence became so deep that you could hear the stars twinkling.—*Boston Courier.*

PEACE undoubtedly could be purchased if all the demagogues were given good paying places.—*Philadelphia Times.*

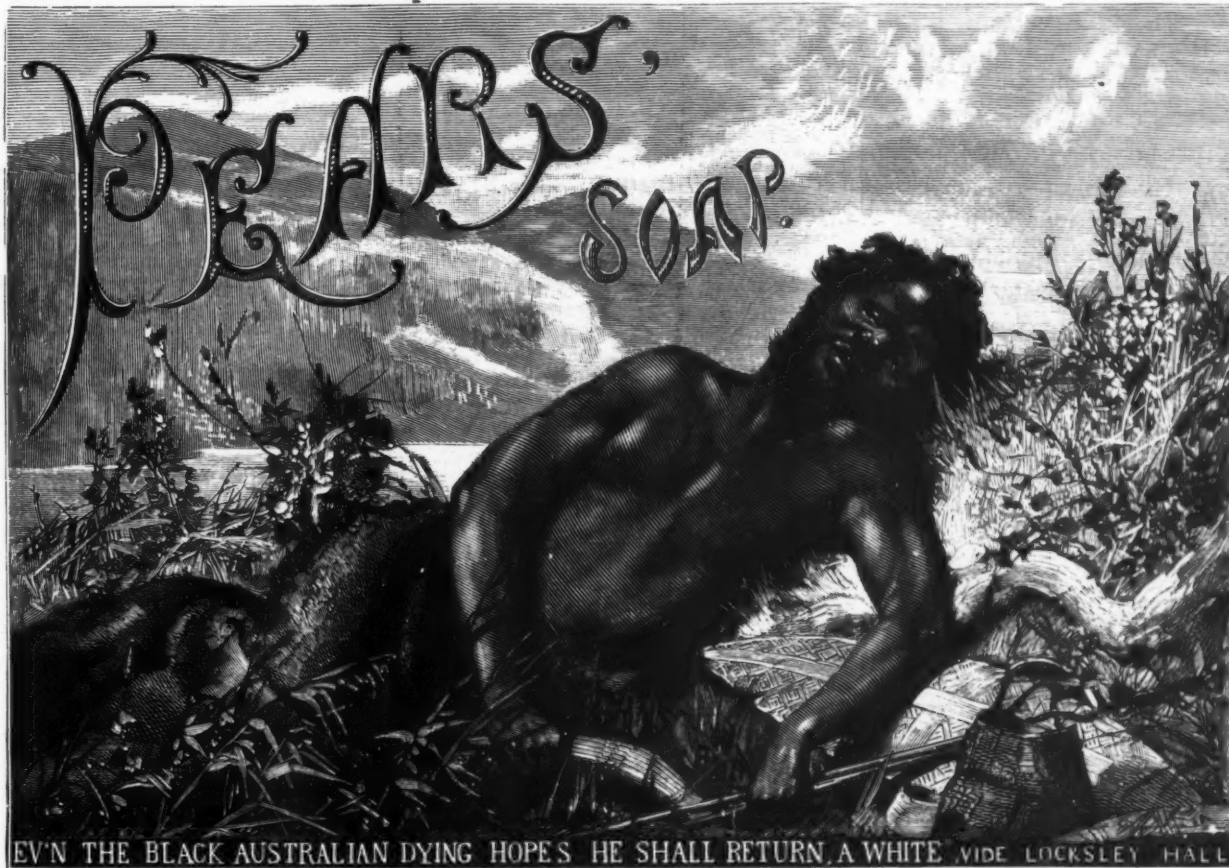
THE CONQUERING OF SELF.

DRAMATIC CRITIC.—I can't imagine how you can appear to be so carried away with your part when, according to your own admission, you do not feel a word of it.

GREAT ACTRESS.—I became proficient in that art by a long course of training before I went on the stage.

"At a dramatic school?"

"No; I was a sales girl in a millinery store, and when customers were around I had to admire all the new bonnets."—*Omaha World.*



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THE WONDERS OF BAT AND BALL.

If you are at all interested in cricket, and no man can fail to be who has any appreciation of the value of time and the shortness of life, you will be pleased to learn that Briggs, the "wee boweler," of Lancashire, led the bowling averages in the recent Australian tour, bowling 8,947,966,302 balls and 6,458,679 maidens, for 304,568,264,000 wickets and 2 runs. One of the pleasant things about eternity will be that a fellow can see the first half of one inning played before the game is stopped by the end of time. "But," asks a mild case in the melancholy ward: "is not cricket a healthful recreation?" Recreation? Get thee into the incurable ward! No, it's an occupation.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A RICH gold find is reported from Michigan, and, singularly enough, there is no Senatorial election in progress, either. — *Philadelphia Times.*



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Where men deal on the square;
Where women sometimes hold their tongues,
And girls won't bang their hair?
If such a paradise there be,
Go search the country through,
And if you find it—write at once,
And we'll go there p. d. q.
—Willie Stoddard, in *Solid Muldoon*.

McGLYNN has been excommunicated by the church. When he is no longer useful to the communist of New York he will be excommunicated by George, and can then claim to be double X!—*New Orleans Picayune*.

THE Apaches have returned to their reservation, Craig Tolliver has been killed, Eli Perkins is in Europe, and it would seem as if America ought to have a period of rest during the huckleberry season.—*Detroit Free Press*.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA is killing off the Western cattle by scores; but, at last accounts, General Tuttle was talking away as cheerfully as though he had something to say.—*Philadelphia Times*.

"Good-by is a simple little phrase," says a writer: "but, ah! how much there is in it." True, indeed, and we never realize more fully how much there is in it than when we see two women bidding each other good-by.—*Boston Courier*.

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Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

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CHAMPION OF TWO CONTINENTS.

An Interesting Comparison of
THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.

Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of the national beverage and its consumption is a matter of investigation and comment for every traveler that has visited and written of those States. Many have gone behind the commercial feature of the industry, and have found in the production, fostered and protected as it is by the Government, a solution of the stability of the people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neighbors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the consequences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their colossal Brauerein and that the Government fosters them.

The last annual official statistical showing of the product in Germany and Austria has just been received here. According to this report, the output of the six leading breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the following:

	BARRELS.
1. Spaten Brewery, Munich, (Gab. Sedlmayer, Prop.).	363,017
2. Anton Dreher, Vienna.	348,613
3. Löwen Brewery, Munich.	252,750
4. St. Marx, Vienna.	299,480
5. G. Pschorr, Munich.	235,950
6. Liesing Actien Brewery, Vienna.	170,764

Total, 1,670,564.

There are innumerable small establishments, but these six larger ones serve to give some idea of the magnitude

of the industry in those countries. In the manufacture of the quantity of beer shown in the product of these six breweries, over one hundred and forty millions of pounds of malt were used.

To those of our own community who are not tinged with prohibitory theories there will be some satisfaction in learning that St. Louis, Mo., has not only the largest brewery in this country, but the largest in the world.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, in the period covered by the official report from which the above is taken, manufactured and sold 13,120,000 gallons of beer, equaling

410,000 Barrels,

an excess of more than 10 per cent. above the production of the Spaten Brewery of Munich, the largest European brewery. Experts in the manufacture of beer are not slow to say that the quality, also, of the Anheuser-Busch beer excels that of its European rival in about the same ratio. This opinion is not only that of American judges, but in every European exposition in which the beer of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has come into competition with that of all the above-named breweries, it has been awarded the first premium. In every European capital medals have been given to them showing that they surpassed all other exhibitors in the quality of the beer manufactured. These awards have not been merely occasional, but record a succession of triumphs.

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He Got It.

A man was in the smoking car on a Dakota train, and put his head out of a window to look at some stock. In drawing back his fine silk hat came off and fell down by the side of the car.

"See here, conductor!" he yelled: "I lost a five-dollar hat out this window—what are you going to do about it?"

"Just step back to the hind platform of the sleeper and pick it up as you go past," replied the conductor: "We're behind time, and trying to make it up, so I can't stop for it."—*Dakota Bell.*

SAM JONES's meetings at New Castle have not been an unparalleled success. His running mate, Mr. Sam Small, has not been able, even with his elegant and high-toned assistance, to create unbounded enthusiasm, and the hippodrome will probably move on to other pastures at an early day.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A BOSTON test:

FIRST YOUNG LADY.—Who are those people you bowed to, Mamie?

SECOND DITTO.—Oh, don't you know them? That's Mrs. Montalembert and her husband.

"Have they any children?"

"Why, Hattie; what an idea! No, indeed! They are real stylish people!"—*Albany Argus.*

THE higher social and official circles of Topeka, Kan., are much exercised over the apparent desire of the esteemed mayor of that town to put on the frills of the effete east. Proof of this desire lies in the fact that on the Fourth he wore his "plug" hat. The loyal people of the woolly west won't stand such an evidence of Caesarism.—*Albany Argus.*

It is current belief in Chicago that the presidential trouble in St. Louis was simply a scheme to advertise the town. Something had to be done to let the world know there was such a place as St. Louis.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*



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